Iu. How cameſt thou hither, tell me, and wherefore?
The Orchard walls are high and hard to climbe,
And the place death, conſidering who thou art
If any of my kinſmen find thee here.
Ro. With loues light wings did I ore-perch theſe walls,
For ſtony limits cannot hold loue out,
And what loue can doe, that dares loue attempt:
Therefore thy kinſmen are no ſtop to me.
Iu. If they doe ſee thee, they will murther thee.
Ro. Alacke there lies more perill in thine eye,
Then twenty of their ſwords, looke thou but ſweete,
And I am proofe againſt their enmity.
Iu. I would not for the world they ſaw thee here.
Rom. I haue nights cloake to hide me from their eyes
And but thou loue me, let them find me here,
My life were better ended by their hate,
Then death proroged wanting of thy loue.
Iuli. By whoſe direction foundſt thou out this place?
Ro. By loue that firſt did promp me to enquire,
He lent me counſell, and I lent him eyes:
I am no Pylot, yet wert thou as farre
As that vaſt ſhore waſht with the fartheſt ſea,
I ſhould aduenture for ſuch marchandiſe
Iuli. Thou knoweſt the maske of night is on my face,
Elſe would a maiden bluſh bepaint my cheeke,
For that which thou haſt heard me ſpeake to night,
Faine would I dwell on forme, faine, faine, denie
What I haue ſpoke, but farewell complement.
Doeſt thou loue me? I know thou wilt ſay I:
And I will take thy word, yet if thou ſwearſt,
Thou maieſt proue falſe; at louers periuries
They ſay *Ioue* laughs, oh gentle *Romeo*,
If thou doſt loue, pronounce it faithfully:
Or if thou thinkeſt I am too quickly wonne,
Ile frowne and be peruerſe, and ſay thee nay,
So thou wilt wooe, but elſe not for the world.
In truth faire *Mountague* I am too fond:

And therefore thou maieſt thinke my behauiour light,
But truſt me Gentleman, Ile proue more true,
Then thoſe that haue more coying to be ſtrange,
I ſhould haue beene more ſteange, I muſt confeſſe,
But that thou ouer heardſt ere I was ware
My true loue paſſion, therefore pardon me,
And not impute this yeelding to light loue,
Which the darke night hath ſo diſcouered.
Rom. Lady, by yonder bleſſed Moone I vow,
That tips with ſiluer all theſe fruite tree tops.
Iu. O ſweare not by the Moone th'inconſtant Moone,
That monthly changes in her circled orbe,
Leaſt that thy loue proue likewiſe variable.
Rom. What ſhall I ſweare by?
Iuli. Doe not ſweare at all:
Or if thou wilt, ſweare by thy gratious ſelfe,
Which is the God of my Idolatry,
And Ile beleeue thee.
Ro. If my hearts deare loue.
Iu. Well doe not ſweare, although I ioy in thee:
I haue no ioy of this contract to night,
It is too raſh, too vnaduiſde, too ſudden,
Too like the lightning which doth ceaſe to bee,
Ere, one can ſay, it lightens, ſweet good night:
This bud of loue by Summers ripening breath,
May proue a beautious flower when next wee meete,
Goodnight, goodnight, as ſweete repoſe and reſt,
Come to thy heart, as that within my breſt.
Ro. O wilt thou leaue me ſo vnſatisfied?
Iu. What ſatisfaction canſt thou haue to night?
Ro. Th'exchange of thy loues faithfull vow for mine.
Iu. I gaue thee mine before thou didſt requeſt it:
And yet I would it were to giue againe.
Ro. Wouldſt thou withdraw it, for what purpoſe loue?
Iu. But to be franke and giue it thee againe,
And yet I wiſh but for the thing I haue,
My bounty is as boundleſſe as the ſea,